THE CAUSE OF THE MISCHIEF. "The queen had lit on my hat. I quickly laid my hat on the top of a hive and they immediately settled upon it and I hived them at once. Certainly there are some risks to run, but I would rather hive a swarm of bees than set a clucking hen any time. You have probably read time and again of a swarm settling upon a horse while being driven along a country road. I tell you when bees get on a horse there are lively times. You noticed that rope stretched across the drive down there. I put that there to keep people from driving up this way to the barn. Having some experience with bees on animals, I use this precaution."
"What about this sugar-led honey?"

"Well, that is certainly a great fraud, as that kind is not nearly so good in flavor as the blossom-gathered article. It soon turns to sugar again, and is very poor eating. Of course the pure article will crystallize to some extent, but never dry up like the sugar-fed stuff. Talk about your barometers and signal service, if a storm is brewing you will see those bees coming in so

thick they fairly darken the air.
"The sight of bees is very scute, as they recognize their hives from long distances and fly straight toward them with great rapidity. They will sometimes work three or four miles from home, and can make the trip in a remarkably short space of time. A friend of mine took a number of marked



bees six miles from home and liberated them along with some carrier pigeons, and was surprised when informed that the bees were the first to arrive, making the

T UR MILES IN SIX MINUTES. "A bee has six legs, and in the hind pair of the workers the middle portion is hol-lowed into a triangle cavity or basket, surrounded with thickly set hairs. In this pouch are carried the pollen and other hive materials. At the end of the feet are little hooks, by which they adhere to the hive and to each other during the wax secreting process. The other pairs of feet have a brush of hairs, by means f which they collect and brush off the pollen from their bodies when they arrive at the hive. The bee has two stomachs. The first is a large membranous bag for the reception of the honey. Its walls are muscular and able to throw the honey back into the mouth for filling the cells. I often wondered how much honey a bee could carry at a load, and by observing one taking up dew from a large eaf I think some estimate can be made. This one took up six drops of dew in succession, and as there are sometimes 40 000 bees to a hive, it is not surprising that they have been known to add 34 pounds to the hive in a single day. Of course, this would include pollen and other hive materials. Digestion is performed in the second stomach. It is of cylinder shape, communicating with the first stomach and with the intestines by a projecting valvular apparatus with a

BEE GOVERNMENT.

gurgitation of the food.

very small opening, which prevents the re-

"A hive of bees consists of three kinds females, males and workers. The females are called queens, not more than one of which can reign in the same hive, one being all that is necessary to establish and keep up the hive. The males are called drones and may exist by hundreds or even thousands, but the workers are the most numerous. Their sexual organs are not fully developed and it, therefore, devolves upon the queen to lay the eggs, which feat she accomlishes at the rate of 200 a day. The males do not work and are of no use except to impregnate the queen, after which they die or are killed off, they having no sting to proare armed with a very formidable weapon, which consists of an extensile sheath enclosing two needle-shaped darts placed side by side. Toward the end they have teeth like a saw, owing to which feet they are constituted in the same of t fact they are sometimes unable to withdraw their sting, the loss of which causes their own death. An acrid poison is squeezed into the wound from a bag near the base, and is so deadly that a single sting almost instantly kills a bee, and animals, and even men have been known to succumb to the combined attack of a swarm of these little

"There used to be considerable mystery about the rearing of the queen, as the eggs and larvæ of the royal family do not differ in appearance from the workers, but the young are more carefully nursed and fed with a more stimulating kind of food, which causes them to grow rapidly and develops the sexual organs, so that in the short space of 16 days they become a

"But as only one queen can reign at a time in a hive, the young ones are kept close prisoners and carefully guarded against the attacks of the queen mother, but if a swarm is not to be sent off, the queen is allowed to approach the royal babes and
sting them to death while they are yet
prisoners in the cells. Should the old
queen depart with a swarm, a young one

It is creditable to Prince Albert Victor
that his face did not bear the bored expression which it usually does when he performs
a public function. He showed a hearty ins liberated, who immediately seeks the destruction of her sisters, but is prevented by the guards. If she runs off with a swarm another one is liberated, and so on until further swarming is impossible. Then this reigning queen is allowed to kill all her resisters; but if two queens should happen to be liberated at the same time they immediately begin a mor-tal combat, and to the victor belongs The other bees form a ring and excite and urge their tavorite to their utmost, no doubt staking their piles of When the golden jewels on the result. queen is finally impregnated then the workers commence a nurderous assault upon the males and they are massacred without merey and their bodies ejected from the hive. If the hive is without a queen they are allowed to survive the winter, although the loss of the queen throws the hive into the ntmost consternation. They rush from the hive and seek the queen in all directions, and should their be no eggs nor brood in the hive they become insane, mope about doing no work and finally all perish, but if there be brood in the comb they select a grub not more than three days old, sacrifice the sur-rounding cells that the cell of the grub may be made into a royal apartment, supply it with the peculiar stimulating jelly reserved for the queens, and at the end of 16 days the larvæ of a worker is changed into a prolific queen."
"In conclusion," said the bee farmer, "the

ablest chemists have been buffled in their endeavors to manufacture this wonderful golden food."

Poet-It is very difficult nowadays for all

Unkind Remark. Texas Siftings.]

of us poets to get our works widely circulated among the people. Critic-Yes, the grocers and butchers who

sell cheese and sausage prefer paper that has not been printed.

Electric Tricycles. Mr. M. Slattery, of Fort Wayne, Ind., is riding a tricycle propelled by a storage bat tery of insignificant dimensions.

LONDON'S OUTCASTS.

The Work of Rich and Educated Young Men in the Slums of

ENGLAND'S GREAT METROPOLIS.

Story of the Heroic Life and Death of Herbert Ross Webbe.

INNOCENT ATTRACTIONS FOR THE POOR

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] LONDON, June 1 .- One of the most remarkable associations in the world is down in the dirty, foul, ill-smelling and revolting Whitechapel district.

Seven years ago London society was startled out of its customary complacent propriety by the publication of a series of newspaper and magazine articles under the title of "The Bitter Cry of Outcast Lon-The awful conditions under which thousands upon thousands of the very poorest of the great metropolis lived and moved, the foulness of their lodgings, the moral and physical rottenness of their surroundings were all set forth in language which, if sometimes over-colored and occasionally hysterical, attracted the public ear and caused a great wave of pity and indignation to pass over the whole country. Rich men subscribed their money and a few gave personal help in seeking out and relieving the misery of the masses. "Slumming" be-came ashionable, and for a time the policemen stationed in the east end of London reaped a rich harvest of fees from the wellto-do visitors from the far west who flocked to London's plague spot, but feared to ex-

amine it without guides and protection. But the great wave soon spent itself; the money, although freely given, was badly administered, men and women gradually tired of the soul-searing and disheartering work of battling with the great evil and iropped out of the ranks. Only a very few worked sturdily on, content if by their personal efforts they could lighten the lot of the least of those among whom they tem-

A PHILANTHROPIC COLLEGIAN.

Foremost among these were a number of young graduates of Oxford Universty, who, deeply moved by the "bitter cry," formed themselves into the Oxford University Missupput and pudding, and it is often the only sion, took a house in the very poorest part of Bethnal Green, and moved into it, resolved to live among the people. One of the most enthusiastic of the little band was a tall, handsome young fellow named Herbert Box Webbs a member of a well-today. a tall, handsome young fellow named Her-bert Ross Webbe, a member of a well-to-do Bethnal Green district of the east end of tamily and himself a distinguished scholar and a famous athlete, whose intellectual and physical prowess won glory for him at Win-chester College, where he was educated, and at Oxford University, where he took his de-

Young Webbe from the first devoted himself to the welfare of the poor working boys of the East End of London, and he soon established an influence almost magnetic over the most of them. Hundreds were soon attracted to the numble rooms in which the young enthusiast had set out his desk and books, and after a time well-attended even-ing classes were in full swing. Gymnasium, tootball and cricket clubs, musical societies and other social and recreation agencies were in due course established. The work went steadily forward, widening its sphere of action and influence, and giving daily promises of incalculable results when it was promises of incalculable results when it was suddenly and tragically arrested by the death of the founder. Herbert Webbe died on duty. One Sunday afternoon last year he had been sitting in the midst of his boys reading the Bible to them. He had not felt wall for a day or two previously, but he with all the material benefits they are able with all the material benefits they are able Scripture lesson was as lovingly and care-fully given as any of the many that had preceded it. The lesson ended, the young fully given as any of the many that had preceded it. The lesson ended, the young teacher commenced to read the Lord's prayer, but had only reached the words 'Thy kingdom come" when he fell forward and died in the presence of his class.

THE WEBBE MEMORIAL. The good that Herbert Ross Webbe did during the brief period of his sojourn on this earth lives after him, thanks to the gold of his rich admirers and the copper of his humble proteges. Tablets recording his brief life's work have been placed within the stately walls of Winchester school and New College, Oxford; but, much more fittingly, his virtues and his labors have been commemorated in an Institute for Working Lads, situated within a few hundred yards of Oxford House, in the midst of the dwell-ings of the humblest of London's industrial poor, and not more than a stone's throw from some of the most dreadful slums the

miseries and depravities of which first moved him to noble actions. "The Webbe Memorial for Working Lads," Hare street, Bethnal Green, is not an imposing edifice. It is not even new, its architect's brains being confined to the task of making the most of some buildings erected many years ago as merchants' stores Already there are 300 working lad members, and the number is increasing every week. The house was opened last January, tormal inauguration was postponed until a few days ago when young Prince Al-bert Victor of Wales, who will one day be king of England, went in state to the east end of London, the most forlorn spot in the vast empire over which he is destined to rule, and performed the simple inaugural ceremony. A royal visit is something unique and to be cherished in Bethnal Green. The whole of the grimy populace, men, women and children, crowded into the narrow streets to see the stranger prince. I was there, and I cannot truthfully say that there was any enthusiasm except among

the boys.

It is creditable to Prince Albert Victor terest in the work of the Oxford men, and the little speech which he delivered wa

spoken with real feeling. A BOYAL TRIBUTE. "I have much pleasure," said His Royal Highness, "in declaring this institute open to the young lads of this district. You have beard the details of its foundation and the story of the man whose name it bears, who devoted his life to the benefit of his fellow men, especially those moving in a lowly sphere. No better memorial to a man who sphere. No better memorial to a man who devoted himself to self-denying efforts to make the lives of others better and brighter could have been constructed. I trust that its future will be a successful one, and that

it will in many ways tend to the advantage of the young people around." Then Prince Albert Victor and his arisperatic suite returned to the more congenial west end, and Bethnal Green relapse

into its normal state.

The work, of which Herbert Ross Webbe was one of the philanthropic pioneers, is still carried on under the direction of a com-mittee at Oxford, of which Sir W. Anson, Warden of All Soul's College, is the Presi-

Oxford House is a humble building situated in Viaduct street, Bethnal Green. Years ago, before steam power and improved machinery worked a revolution, the streets around were inhabited by silk weav-ers, of whom there are still left a few venerable specimens. Outside Oxford House looks almost as grimy as its squalid neigh-bors, but inside is all bright and cheeriul. The house was once a school, and it has been cunningly fitted for its present purpose by means of wooden partitions which divide what were once large apartments into a number of cozy little rooms. The domestic arrangements are upon a collegiate plan. Each associate has a bedroom, severely plain, with painted brick or wooden walls, a strip of carpet and an iron bedstead. The head of the house, at present the Reverend Winnington Ingram, has the luxury of a private sitting room in addition to a bedroom; but for the others there is a comm sitting room, library, etc.

A DIMINUTIVE CHAPEL. In a yard adjoining the house is a small door with a common lift latch, which the

average visitor will almost certainly think leads to the coal store or tool house. It is really the entrance to the chapel in which the members of Oxford House worship every morning. Lift the latch and you are within what is surely the smallest house of worship in the world. Its dimensions certainly do not exceed 20 feet by 10, and there is room only for a dozen chairs. At the further end is a tinv altar bright with brass fittings, and to the left is a diminutive desk where and to the left is a diminutive desk where the master of the house reads the lessons. On the wall is fastened a very small brass tablet which serves to emphasize the lesson learned from the life's history of Herbert Ross Webbe, that missionary martyrdom can be purchased in London as well as in the wilds of Atrica. The tablet is to the memory of Philip Moor, a member of the House who died in 1887 at the wead the House, who died in 1887 at the age of 24. The familiar story of a strong, brave spirit, a delicate body, harrassing work, toul air and premature death. As you read you instinctively turn to the pale, frail looking handsome young associate who is doing the honors of the humble place with quiet dignity and courtesy. He came to the house last September, he tells you, and can re-main only until next June, because he will then take holy orders. He hopes to obtain a curacy somewhere in the slums, an aspiration the oddity of which may be gauged by the fact that the young fellow was born to

wealth and a high position.

The associates of Oxford House, after morning prayers, devote the earlier hours of the day to study. In the afternoon they visit the hospitals and infirmaries and the sick poor in their homes. Far from taking any fee or reward for their labors, they give freely from their private purses, and even pay a fixed weekly sum (about \$7) for their board and lodging at the House. There are no narrow ordinances to which their philan-thropy must conform—each is tree to do good in his own way, thus giving the fullest play to individual energy. Their hardest work is in the evening. From 7 until 11 o'clock, and on Saturdays from 4 until 11:30 their hands are full with the various classes, educational and recreative, connected with the house. There are two large rooms attached to Oxford House in which plenty such work is carried on every evening, but the operations of the mission are now cen-tralized in the Oxford University Club, a capacious block of buildings pleasantly sit usted off the main road hard by the Beth-

nel Green Museum, half a mile away. WHAT IS BEING DONE. As I left the house en route to the club passed a clamorous crowd of ragged boys and girls, each armed with pot or basin, who were waiting to be served with a penny dinner. The meal, which is given out daily

London. It has manifold attractions, most of which may be enjoyed for the weekly subscription of 1 penny. There are at present 800 members, and there is cause for won-der that there are not 8,000. Most of them are artisans and mechanics; the very poorest will not join the club-they have to be reached by the personal efforts of the asso ciates—and the depraved and dissolute are not wanted. Classes for drawing, bookkeeping, singing, writing, etc., are held regular v and there are no fees. There are also ath tic clubs. Concerts are given in the large hall, and lectures and religious services occur on Sunday. The club has also a well appointed gymnasium, and to crown all, no fewer than five billiard and ten bagatelle boards. Add to these attractions a co-operative store at which members may purchase everything required for their households at wholesale prices, and one

which surges around them. The work is terribly depressing, and few are able to endure it for more than a few months at a time. But the ranks are always kept fairly filled by enthusiastic recruits fresh from classic Oxford content to sow the seed, even it they are not destined to reap the harvest. BLAKELY HALL

Where Work is Pleasant.

Neglected Wife-Why don't you go to

work? Husband (a ne'er do well)-I ain't got Neglected Wife-Descon Smith offered you \$5 to fix his tence, and you have a saw, and a plane, and a hammer and nails.

What more do you want?
Husband-The saw am't no good, and I in't got no file to sharpen it. kin fix his fence hisself. Same Husband (ten years later)-Hist!

Say, wife, I've escaped from the peniten Gimme some other clothes, so I kin light out agin. Wife-My! my! How did you get out? Husband-I dug 40 feet underground with a two-tined fork, and then cut my way

nches of boiler iron with a saw made out of

a tin dinner plate. The Considerate Mother.

pants on.

through two feet of stone wall and

Texas Siftings. Husband (punishing Tommy)-I'll teach you to be impudent. (Whack! Whack!) Take that. (Whack! Whack.) Oh, you needn't bawl. I'm not half done with you yet. (Whack.)
Wife—Don't beat the poor little fellow so unmercifully. He's got his Sunday

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church, South, appropriates \$17,000 from book concern profits for her conference claimants.

It was announced at the late General As sembly that the Presbyterians have raised \$616,000 toward their fund for disabled ministers. THERE are at present 67 American students studying for the priesthood in the American Catholic College, Rome. Some of them will be ordained this month.

THERE are 1,273 Young Men's Christian Associations on this side of the water, owning property valued at \$8,451,012, and the current expenses of the last year aggregated \$1,448,669. THE past year 158 students have been instructed in the Congregational Theological Seminary at Chicago. A large dormitory is under construction for the use of this largely increased patronage.

THE Baptists in Chicago are earnestly work raising the \$350,000 requisite to secure the gift of \$1,500,000 from Mrs. Rockafeller for the founding of a denominational university in that city.

logical Seminary have voted to open all courses of the institution to women on the same terms as to men. This is the first institution of the kind to grant to women equal advantages with men in obtaining a theological education.—The Banner (Presbyterian).

MISSIONARIES throughout the world are finding that one of the most effective ways of reaching the people for whom they labor is to seek the conversion of the children. Men and women who have grown old in paganism are not easily moved from their superstitions. The young form the most hopeful class.—The Missionary Herald. FIFTY years ago seven shoemakers in a shop in Hamburg said: "By the grace of God

shop in Hamburg said: "By the grace of God we will help to send the Gospel to our destitute fellow-men." In 25 years they had established 50 self-supporting churches, had gathered out 10,000 converts, had distributed 460,000 Bibles and 800,000 or acts, and had carried the Gospel to 50,000,000 of the race. It would take only 180 such men to earry the Gospel to the whole world in 25 years.—The Standard (Christian). THE receipts of the Congregational Union for the year ending June 1 were \$116,988 08, or \$31, 963 46 more than for the year before. The re 963 46 more than for the year before. The re-ceipts for the first five months of 1889 were \$68,-600, or \$13,000 more than for the corresponding months of 1885. There were completed in the year 99 houses of worship and 52 parsonages, or 19 more buildings than in 1888. There are out-standing pledges to 69 churches for aid in building houses of worship or parsonages, and money is in the treasury to meet these.

THE WOMEN OF EGYP

Mary J. Holmes Describes Their Life, Appearance and Habits.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE KHEDIVE. Interesting Glimpses of Life in the Land of

the Pharaohs. THE PRETTY DANCING GIRLS OF LUXOR

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] CAIRO, EGYPT, May 4 .- To write about the handsome women of Egypt would be much like the schoolboy's composition on "Snakes in Ireland," "There are no snakes in Ireland," was the beginning and end of his essay, and, emulating his example, I might almost say, "There are no handsome Americans, or, it there are, their charms are hidden by the disfiguring veil which is always worn in the street, and only laid aside in the privacy of home, where there are no masculine eyes except those of husband, father or brother. The little girls are free to breathe the sir of heaven, without the obstruction across the nose and mouth, and some of then fresh young faces are very pretty and as fair as the faces of our American girls, whose dress and style they imi-

The daughters of the Khedive, with their bright color and blue eyes, would pass for English anywhere. I saw them driving one afternoon with their governess, while before the carriage, keeping even step with each other and the fast-trotting horses, were the royal runners in their short white skirts and gorgeous sashes and vests of gold and silver. These always precede carriages of the Khedive's household, and are marvels of hardihood and endurance. No matter how hot the day, or dusty the road, or long the drive, they never flag, but with their bodies bent a little forward, run swittly on, and with their quick, sharp cry of warning clear the street of any obstacle in the way. The donkey boys back their donkeys on to the narrow sidewalks, the camel drivers turn their camels round a corner, the beggar, who looks more like a moving rag-bag than a man, mutters a prayer to Allah and steps aside, while the dirty children asking for backsheesh scamper in all directions, rolling sometimes in the mud and sometimes in the gutters, anywhere to get out of the way, while the great people go by. Then the ranks close up again, and the street traffic flows on as before.

THE KHEDIVE'S WIFE.

The Khedive's wife is very fine-looking and very devoted to her husband, who is extremely popular with the people. He does not seem to have inherited any of his father's vices or taste for expenditure, for he has only 40 servants and one wife, while the dissolute and dethroned Ismael kept 400 servants, and had, I was told, between 200 and 300 ladies in his harem. What bitter jealousies and quarrels there must have been when these all met together, if they ever did, which is doubtful, for the old man had many palaces, with endless suites of rooms, the furniture in one of which cost \$25,000. They are shut up now, most of them, and only kept as show places, fre-

quented alike by tourists and natives.

In the gardens of the Ghizeh palace we came suddenly upon a group of young Egyptian girls out for a holiday, unveiled. and attended only by an eunuch, who counts for little more than an old nurse of the family. But the moment we approached a cry of alarm was raised both by our drago-

class of Egyptians. The sister of the Khedive's wife is handsome, with a brilliant complexion, some of which she owes to art rather than to nature. She wears her hair banged, and only a thin white veil conceals the lower portion of her face when driving in her carriage. She occupies one of the Khedive's palaces, and has recently been separated from her husband, a dashing, dissipated fellow, whose habits do not please her. Separations and divorces are quite as common in Egypt as in America. Nor is this surprising when we remember how little the parties know of each other before marriage; nothing, in fact, in most instances, except from hear-say, while the girl has no choice whatever

in the matter. OBTAINING A WIFE.

A young man wishes to marry, and his nother begins to search for a suitable wile among the families of her own caste, and frequently among her own relations, as they believe in marrying cousins. Mothers of daughters are also on the lookout, and persons employed as hairdressers and seam-stresses are sometimes hired to advertise the good qualities of the young girls, who have nothing to do but to accept the husband provided for them. After the girl is chosen the dot is next considered, two-thirds of which are paid to the father of the bride and he other third retained for the wife in case she does not prove satisfactory, and is sent away. The marriage ceremony, I was told, takes place between the father and his prospective son-in-law, while the bride is either washing dishes in the kitchen or listening at the door; but, once married, she becomes for the time being a person of importance, and is conducted to her new home with a good deal of ceremony. The wedding recep-tion takes place in the evening, and after it is over the bridegroom sees his bride's face for the first time in his life.

It was our good fortune to attend one of these recep ions, a description of which may not be uninteresting. The house, which stood in a cour, was decorated with lanterns and wedding flags, while the street in front was filled with donkey boys and other curious spectators. The gentlemen of our party were ushered by a tall Arab into a room on the ground floor, where the male guests were seated in solemn silence, smoking cigarettes, drinking Turkish coffee and ng eigarettes, drinking Turkish coffee, and ooking like anything but participants in a estive occasion, as they listened to the doleful music of an Egyptian band. Meanwhile I was conducted upstairs and pre-sented to the ladies, who were in full evening dress, with flowers and powder and rouge. None of them spoke English, and only one a little French, so that we were not a very social party. Many of them had their slippers off, though why I do not know, unless they were too small and hurt their feet. Some sat upon the floor on cushions, and others on the divans ranged around the salon, at one end of which were salt is a purely acquired taste, and that this latticed windows looking down into the mineral as an article of food is neither nutritive latticed windows looking down into the mineral as an article of food is neither nutritive nor otherwise beneficial, may point to the more than the lattice the ladies were condistance, for, as they were unveiled, it would have been a mortal sin to be seen woman no harm could come to me, and a portion of the lattice was raised for my benefit, while the others crowded around and behind me to get a better view, laugh-

Coffee and cigarettes were passed, and much surprise expressed when I declined the latter. A woman who did not smoke was a strange phenomenon, and I was stared at and commented upon more curiously than ever. The bride I did not see, for as it was late when we arrived she had retired to her room, but I selt a profound pity for the young girl whose bridegroom might or might not have been her choice, had she peen free to choose, and whose chance or happiness seemed so small and depended onite as much upon the mother-in-law, with whom she must live, as the husband who could send her from him at his pleasure. At her marriage, which frequently takes place at the age of 13, the girl's in

ends, and her little world is henceforth cir-cumscribed by the four walls of her home, which is sometimes pleasant and sometim otherwise. And yet the men think their system infinitely preferable to ours. "As a rule, our women don't work as yours do; they only sit at home and do nothing," our dragoman said to us; while another drago-man, who had lived in England, and was quite English in his language and appearance, told us that he had heard that in

America the women ruled the men, and when assured that this was so, he very Playing Fan-Tan With Chinese Gamblers gravely remarked, "I think that is very narsty;" a sentiment warmly applauded by the male portion of our party! This dragoman was very proud and very fond of his wife, for whom he had given £60, and whom he liked at first sight. She was

fair-baired and blue-eyed, and, with the exception of her veil, dressed much like Americans. She has a pretty home, with a Nubian slave to wait upon her, and no troublesome mother-in-law to worry and anno; her, so that her lot is cast in pleasant places. But where there is one like her there are many more whose lives are in the shadow where no sunlight falls, and where, year by year, the burden presses more and more heavily women in Egypt," except the English and until at 30, and even before, they are so old and haggish in appearance that wearing a veil to hide their faces seems but a mockery, for surely no man could care to look upon it. Indeed, the story is told of a saucy American that he gave a woman a franc to uncover her face, and then instantly offered her two to cover it again!

FAMOUS DANCING GIRLS.

The dancing girls of Luxor are so famous that when at Luxor we had an opportunity to see them, our party at once availed themselves of it and started for the show en masse, the ladies a little doubtful as to the propriety of the thing, and the gentlemen with their opera glasses as if expecting a ballet. But it was nothing of the sort, and could hardly be called a dance at all. There were only four girls, and with an old woman who attended them they were sitting on the floor when we entered the room. Their dresses were long and loose like Mother Hubbards, and their steps slow and measured like the dismal music of the string band and castanets to which they kept time. The strange part of it was the violent contortions of their bodies, so wonderful as to excite our suspicions of some electrical machine under their gowns. But we were convinced to the contrary and told that the weard, serpent-like motions were the result of long and patient train-ing, as was the skill to balance lighted can-dies in bottles on their heads while bowing to each other and rolling over and over on the floor from one end of the room to the

The wealthy Egyptians frequently hire these girls to entertain their guests when giving a series of entertainments, and some-times keep them for days. But the dance is rather monotonous, and I should not care to see it repeated. The costumes of the girls were simple and plaib, although, as a rule, Egyptian women are fond of dress and jew-elry, and one handsome, dark-eyed slave girl whom I saw in Assouan was gorgeous in velvet and lace, with heavy gold bracelets and earrings and chains, and silver bands around her ankles, as a badge of her condition. These anklets a New York lady bought of the woman's master, who seemed very proud of his beautiful chattel.

WELL DRESSED WOMEN.

Silk is much worn by even the middle classes and it is not uncommon in Cairo to meet women riding upon donkeys just as the men ride, with their black silk mantles drawn over their heads, their short silk skirts entirely covering the donkey, and both filled with wind and reminding one of a small inflated balloon. They are always attended by one or two boys or men, and are attended by one or two boys or men, and are very different from the poor, ragged, slipshod woman carrying her baby with one hand, and with the other holding a basket on her head and still managing to keep her dirty cotton veil, with its fastening, which I can only liken to a corkscrew, across her while her sad eves look desprile at

if challenging our admiration. She was wuch to enlighten and educate, while the very pretty, with blue eyes and light brown hair, and evidently belonged to the higher more, and long before those bright-eyed little girls, who, with their water jars, followed us so many weary miles across the burning sands, shall have grown into wretched old womanhood, I trust the year of jubilee will have come and the Egyptian women stand as free as their fairer, happier MARY J. HOLMES

A Hint for Electric Light Users.

The simplest way to moderate the glare of incandescent lamps without lessening the light power is to give the globe a thin cost-

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

coal tar, which have almost entirely supplanted vegetable and animal dyes. Ir has been found in experiments at Leinell that skin grafted from a white to a colored person becomes gradually black, and that black skin grafted upon a white person in time turns

ABOUT 150 colors are now obtained from

IT is proposed by M. Leon Roquet to get up a universal telegraphic language, in which often recurring words shall be designated symbolically by letters or figures which shall be the same for all languages. It is easy to see that such a plan if carried out would greatly facilitate international communication, yet it would be a task so difficult that few would care to undertake it.—Electrical Review.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Sanitary Association reports that \$355,660 were received during the epidemic last year, most of which was distributed in and around Jacksonville. New York's contribution was \$127,787 and Pennsylvania's \$22,680, Massachusetts' \$18,521, Georgin's \$14,528, and Missouri's \$12,558, Thus affliction shows the oneness of the people.—
Indicarpadis News Indianapolis News.

IT is announced from Naples that the small emptive cone of Vesuvius has "fallen into its very depths," and that the stream of outflow ing lava has arrived at the foot of the great ing lava has arrived at the foot of the great cone. The seismic apparatus at the observatory indicates that the disturbance is decreasing in force. It was noticed that at very nearly the time when volcanic action commenced at Vesuvius the volcanic mountain of Lipari made an unusual display. From the crater arcse smoke mixed with fine ashes, which fell in fine rain all over the area of the Æolian Islands.

ATTENTION has lately been called by Dr. Lindsey to the therapeutic value of regions below the sea level for asthmatical or consump tive patients, who there have continuously higher atmospheric pressure than at the sea higher atmospheric pressure than at the sea level. Excellent effects have been thus obtained in the valley of Conchilia, near Los Angeles, in California, about 273 feet under the sea (barometric pre-sure only about 7mm. higher). The most noteworthy place of the kind on the earth's surface is probably the Dead Sea district, 1,280 feet; and the following are some others: Lake Asal, in East Africa, 639 feet; the casis of Araj, in the desert of Lybia, 270 feet; the Arvoy del Muerto, in California, 230 feet; the casis of Siwb, in Lybia, 123 feet; the borders of the Caspian, 86 feet.

Those people who assert that the cracing for THOSE people who assert that the cra ring for

Through this lattice the ladies were constantly peering, keeping always at a safe distance, for, as they were unveiled, it would have been a mortal sin to be seen from below. But as I was a shamefaced woman no harm could come to me, and a portion of the lattice was raised for my benefit, while the others crowded around and behind me to get a better view, laughing as school girls laugh when enjoying SOME BORBIDDEN PLEASURE.

Coffee and cigarettes were passed, and much survives averaged when I dealing the sound of the Superintendent of The circular issued by the Superintendent of The contents are vidence of the value of their station race as evidence of the value of their station. The submit race of Northern Alaska live almost exclusively on fish. They do not eat salt bacon and their fish, and decline to eat salt bacon and their fish, and decline to eat salt bacon and their fish, and decline to eat salt bacon and their fish, and decline to eat salt bacon and THE circular issued by the Superintendent of the Census to members of the medical pro-fession, directing their attention to the impor-tance of keeping a careful record of everything of interest to vital statistics which ma arise in their practice during the year from June 1, 1889, to June 1, 1890 (the census period) June 1, 1888, to June 1, 1890 (the census period), is an important matter. One of the most difficult features to carry out in anything like perfection has been the mortality statistics. These have never been quite as thorough either as the different superintendents would have liked, or as accuracy would demand. Mr. Porter has started out in good time with the intention of making this feature as perfect as possible. He asks the co-operation of the medical profession, and he ought to have it in the very best and most intelligent manner.—New York Saturday Globe.

IN LUSITANIAN THULE

A Decaying Settlement in the Southeast Corner of China.

PORTUGUESE IN THE FAR EAST.

at Macao. THE GROTTO OF THE POET CAMOENS

(FROM OUR TRAVELING COMMISSIONER.) MACAO, May 22 .- "Where the carcass is, there also will the eagles be gathered together." China is the great carcass of Asia and round her the eagles of Europe and America press and jostle one another. England is entrenched at Hong Kong and many a fat slice has she carried away. And now she is stretching out another claw through Thibet. America has half of Shanghai, and to and from San Francisco the bird of prey passes regularly in his 1580," was placed in the arch in 1840, upon flight. France is trying hard to carry off a pedestal bearing six cantos of the her share of the carcass through Tong King, and Port Arthur in the north is a big piece fallen to the lot of a French syndicate. Herr Krupp represents Germany's chief plunder, and the Yamen of Li Hung Chang at Tientsin is a nest of commercial intrigue on behalf of the Fatherland. And Russia is laying a heavy paw upon China from the north. All this is natural enough, and so far as England and America are concerned it is the mevitable flow of trade in the

is a beetle; among the birds of prey there is a parasite. The extreme southeast corner of China is the scene of the dying struggles of a mongrel fragment of a once intrepid and famous race,-a fragment drawing its meager sustenance with more difficulty every day. The hand of Vasco di Gama would have wavered upon the helm as he rounded the Cape of Good Hope, of all the men in Europe, "the first that ever burst into the silent seas" of the East, if he could have foreseen to what a wretched pass and laughingstock his countrymen there would come after less than 400 years. The daughter of the King of Portugal was at Hong Kong a few days ago. She came, of course, to visit her own people and stand under her own flag at Macao. But a glimpse was too much for her and she left within 12 hours. A BEAUTIFUL SITE.

Yet Macao is not such a bad place, at first sight. Its bay is a perfect crescent. Around this runs a broad boulevard, called the Praya Grande, shadowed with fine old arching banyan trees. At each horn the Portuguese flag waves over a little fort. Behind the town green wooded hells rise like an amphitheater, and among the houses a pic-turesque old building sticks up here and there—the Cathedral, the barracks, the military hospital, the older Fort Monte. The whitewashed houses with their green blinds and wide shady porticos and verandas, from which dark eyes look idly down upon you as you pass, recall many a little Italian and Spanish town. A couple of yacht-like Portuguese gunboats lie at anchor in the river beyond the bay. On Sundays and Thurs-days the band plays in the public gardens, and surely nowhere in the world do the huglers linger so long over the reveille and retreat as they do here every day. To the busy broker or merchant of Hongkong, who runs over here in the summer from Saturday to Monday, after a week of hard work man and the cunuch; men were coming, and, like frightened birds, the girls drew their veils around them and plunged into the shrubbery; all but one, who, bolder or more curious than the others, stopped a moment poor Mohammedan women. The influx of and turned her laughing face toward us as and and Americans into Egypt is doing the fifther. The fact of the street is free from the detestable caseless chatter of Chinamen, where the and turned her laughing face toward us as and adverse while the amusing substitute for the daily struggle with exchanges and settlements and short

sales.

And Macao had its glorious past, too.

After they had rounded the Cape the Portuguese occupied a great part of the coast of India, sent an embassy to the Emperor of China, and occupied Ningpo. There one night 1,200 of them were murdered. So they resettled a place called Chinchew, where the same fate overtook them. daunted, they came surther south and after helping the Chinese to destroy hordes of pirates were permitted to settle in peace on a small peninsula near the mouth of one of the two river approaches to Canton. Here Macao was founded in 1557, and up to 1848 the Portuguese paid a yearly rental of \$500

in presents or money. IT FOLLOWED THE CROWN.

In 1582 when the crown of Portugal passed to Spain, Macao followed suit. When t went back again in 1640 in the person of John IV, of Portugal, Macao again changed its flag and made "a great donation" to the new King. At this time it was described as "a melhor e mas prospero columna que of Portugueyes tem em todo o Oriento," the best and most prosperous colony that the Portuguese possess in all the East. Then its population was 19,500. By 1830 it had dwindled to 4,628, of so mixed a blood that only 90 persons were registered as of pure Portuguese descent. To-day it holds 63,500 Chinese, 4,476 so-called Portuguese, and 78 others-in all 68,086. What is the explana tion of this sudden enormous multiplication of its population? Like Satan, Macao was 'by merit raised to that bad eminence.' won back its ancient prosperity by offering its houses and its traders as the last refuge n the East to that bell upon earth, the

egalized coolie traffic. When Hongkong stopped this forever under the British flag by the Chinese passengers act of 1854, Macao opened eager and unscrupulous arms to the "labor and unscruptious arms to the "labor agents," and for nearly 20 years, when public opinion became too strong for even this mongrel and far-away community, the little city flourished, its inhabitants made fortunes, the Praya Grande was crowded every evening by a gay and gaudy throng, the streets were beautified, the cathedral was rebuilt, and the Portuguese colony became rebuilt, and the Portuguese colony became famous throughout the East for its elaborate religious processions and its eloquent priests. And during these 20 years uncounted thousands of coolies were decoyed, entrapped, stolen and pirated to Macao, kept prisoners in the gloomy "barracoons," whose grated windows are still everywhere visible, theoretically certified as voluntary contract laborers by an in/amous profit-sharing "pro-curador," and then shipped to toil, and starve, and rot, and die in mines and fields and plantations everywhere, literally "from China to Peru." As a single specimen of the traffic it is commonly affirmed that of 4,000 coolies sent to the foul guano pits of the Chincha Islands, not a single soul re-

But a retribution has fallen upon Macao -it seems as though the curses of the mur-dered coolies have come back to it. Not a soul walks the beautiful Praya; the harbor is silting up so fast that in five years there will not be as many feet of water in it; even the Chinese are leaving it—the last of rats to quit a sinking ship; its miserable inhabi-tants, interbred from Chinese, Portuguese, Malay, Indian and unknown human jetsam Maisy, Indian and unknown numan jetsam to such an extent that the few Portuguese troops here regard the Chinaman as socially superior to the "Mesticos," have fallen into utter apathy; they hardly show themselves out of doors, they subsist on moneys fur-nished to them by their pluckier relatives in foreign employ in Hongkong and else-where, and the military band in the public where, and the military band in the public garden plays to a score of loaters. There is no manufacture, no social life, and alwost no trade since the smuggling of opium has been stopped by Sir Robert Hart's treaty of last year, giving Macso in perpetuity to the Portuguese on the condition that its customs should be controlled by his staff.

Portugal doles it out a yearly pittance and its other chief source of revenue is the \$150,-000 it draws annually from its gaming ables. For when one wickedness was stopped in Macao it was quick to find another, and to-day it is the only place in the Far East where you can play fan-tan under a foreign flag. But its history is almost closed, the days of its disappearing trade and its decomposing population are numbered, and unless a Cement Company which has just become the company which has just been started here on a small island leased from the Bishop, should bring back a semblance of presperity, this "gem of the orient earth and open sea," as I am ashamed to say an English poet (who had certainly never seen it) preposterously described it, will have disappeared like other places and peoples which were, sinned too much, and are not.

One classic memory, however, will save Macao from oblivion. It was here that the exiled Camoens composed the greater part of his "Lusiad." On one of the hillsides overlooking the bay is an extensive shrubbery, where narrow paths twist in and out among gnarled and sacient trees, and where half a dozen enormous bowlders heaped together form a natural archway or grotto. Here Camoens is supposed to have come every day to work at his great task. The place, which is now known as "Camoeus" Garden," belongs to a family named Marques, and by them a remarkably fine bronze bust of the half blind poet, inscribed "Luiz de Camoes, Nasceo, 1524, Morreo, "Lusiad," while tributes to him in half a dozen languages are engraved upon stone tablets placed around. There is a fine sonnet of Tasso's and various verses in Portuguese and Spanish, while Sir John Bowring's rubbish is unfortunately conspicnous

"Gem of the orient, earth and open sea, Macao, that in thy lap and on thy breast Hast gathered beauties all the loveliest On which the sun smiles in his majesty;" and so on. One degree worse in style, though a thousand times truer are some wonderful Latin verses perpetrated by a Mr. David channels of least resistance. But among the birds around this Asiatic carcass there who laments-

"Sed jam vestustas aut manus impia Prostravit, eheu! Triste silentium Regnare nunc solum videtur Per scopulos, virides et umbras!"

Among all, however, the sincerest seems to me to be some quaint lines in French, said to have been written by the Commander of a French man-of-war, which visited Macao in 1827, and ingeniously dedicated as follows:— "Au Grand Luis de Camoens, Portugais d'orig-

ine Castillane. Soldat religieux, voyageur et poete exile, L'humble Louis de Rienzi, Francais d'origine

Romaine, Voyageur religieux, soldat et poete expatrie." This poet, too, was doleful, for, apostro-phizing Camoens, he says:

"Agite plus que toi, je fuyai dans les champs, Et le monde, et mon cœur, l'envie et les tyrans." What the Macanese of to-day think of Camoens may be judged from the fact that I tried in vain to borrow or buy in Macao a copy of the Lusiad, to see what are the

stanzas engraved on the pedestal, the chisel-ing having become illegible. Camoens himself was ship wrecked off Malacca on his way home when pardoned, and swam ashore with the manuscript of the Lusiad, losing

everything else. A MARINER'S GRAVE.

Curiously enough, by the way, on leaving he grotto and turning into the old half-deserted cemetery I came across the tomb of an uncle, I suppose, of Lord Randolph Churchill. It is an old-fashioned granite monument, with the inscription, "Sacred to the Memory of the Right Honble. Lord Henry John Spencer Churchill, 4th son of George 5th Duke of Marlborugh, Captain of H. B. M. S. Druid and Senior Officer in the China Seas. Departed this life in Macao roads, 2nd June, 1840. This monument is erected by His Officers in testimony of their Esteem and Affection.'

Finally, Macao, as I have said, is the Monaco of the East, and from its gaming tables its impecunious government reaps \$150,000 a year, the price said to be paid by the syndicate of Chinese proprietors for the little "flutter" at fan-tan is a miniature and | surround his favorite vice. It is played on surround his lavorite vice. It is played on a mat-covered table, with a small square of sheet lead and a heap of artificial gilded "cash." On one side stands the croupier, on the adjoining side sits the dealer, and between them, a little to the rear, is the desk and treasury of the cashier. The sides of the leaden square are called one, two, three and four. The dealer takes up from the heap as many "cash" as he can grasp with both hands and places them apart upon the table. Then the players, who sit and stand round the other two sides of the table, make their bets, that is they place at either side of the square any sum, from 50 cents to \$500, or at either corner any sum up to \$1,500. When all have done the dealer slowly counts the heap out in fours and the last remaining four or three or two or one, as the case may be, is the winning number. Those who have placed their money at the corresponding side of the square, which is called playing fan, are paid three to one; those who have staked at the corner, covering two numbers, or playing tan, are paid even money if either number wins. From all winnings

the bank deducts 8 per cent. A COMPLICATED GAME.

Besides the above ways, there are many others of infinite complication, scored with buttons and cards and ivory counters, which no fellow except a Celestial can possibly unwho watches the game for half an hour to judge of the chances and then lays down his hundred dollar bill and walks impertur bably away whatever the result may be. Of course everybody asks, cannot the dealer after years of practice take up a fixed number of "cash" according to the sums staked upon the table? It seems probable, but I have watched him for a long time and I am convinced that if he could it would in nearly all cases be impracticable, for many sufficient reasons, And many people, too, ask themselves it there is not a "martingale" or "system" by which the individgale" or "system" by which the individ-ual player can so enormously in-crease the odds in his own favor against the bank as to make winning almost a certainty? There is, against the bank as winning almost a certainty? against the bank as to make winning almost a certainty? There is, namely, to bet as much each time as will if winning almost a certainty? There is, namely, to bet as much each time as will if it win recoup you for all previous losses and leave a margin of profit. Thus you can play and win it one number out of four turns up once in 25 throws, when your stake will have reached the limit of \$500 and you must perforce stop. To do this, and you must perforce stop. To do this, and you must perforce stop. To do this, however, a capital of over \$1,000 must be subjected to a small risk, and few of the ordinary players at lantan are prepared to do this. On the other hand, it is common enough to see \$1,000 on the table for a single deal on Saturday nights, when the rich Hongkong brokers come over. Most gambling systems are pitfalls, but I am convinced that if 20 men with large capitals were to come and play at one table at one time on this system properly calcu-lated, the bank would inevitably be Therefore fantan would not work West. HENRY NORMAN. in the West.

NUDGER AND NUDGEE.

How a Young Lady Made a Fresh Young Mun Feel Chenp.

A young woman writes to a cotemporary o complain of men who nudge ladies in a car, surface and elevators, says Joe Howard in the New York Press. If the nudgee would, with baby stare of ingenuous innocence, move deliberately but noticeably away from the man who nudges her, she away from the man who nudges her, she would be spared a repetition of the insult not only, but give him such a punishment, placing him in the pillory of observation as he would not be likely soon to forget.

In a Broadway stage, some time ago, a young lady was very much annoyed by a man who put his foot on hers. The 'bus was man who put his foot on hers. The bus was crowded. On a repetition of the offense she deliberately and quickly pulled her skirts one side, revealing to the passengers the man's foot on hers, and then said to him: "Are my feet in your way, sir?" Obviously that settled the man. The women have the better of the situation always, if they have brains enough to utilize it.

LAST OF THE KINGS.

An Interesting Sketch of Arthur MacMurrogh Kavanagh, the

BRAINIEST OF IRISH LANDLORDS.

Starting Out in Life Without Arms, Legs or Fortune, He

WINS DISTINCTION IN MANY SPHERES

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. One of the principal leaders of the Landlord party in Ireland is the Right Hon. Arthur MacMurrogh Kayanagh, Mr. Kavanagh is admitted by friends and foes to be a man of great genius, and still greater moral stamina. Over 50 years ago he came into this world, sadly and strangely deformed-without either arms or lega-apparently destined only for a life of darkness and seclusion. Everything was against him. Being the youngest of four brothers he was debarred by the law of entail from succeeding to the vast estates of his father, Mr. Kavanagh, of Borris, and would be left to struggle through a painful life on the wretched pittance of a younger son. In Ireland he could hope for no popularity, for the name of Kavanagh was in conspicuous ill favor, for both political and sectarian reasons. Moreover, the Kavanaghs, of Borris, repre-sent in direct line that false monarch, Dermot MacMurrogh, whose very name is a by-

word in Ireland, as that of one who, too plunged a whole province into war, and brought the English into Leinster.

All these and many other disadvantages barred-or seem to be bar-the onward progress of Arthur MacMurrogh Kayanagh. But some men are not to be de-terred by any obstacle. Before he was 16 Kavanagh had surmounted all those little inconveniences which resulted from his lack of limbs. With the assistance of knife and fork screwed into the short stumps which did duty for arms, he could eat and enjoy his meals. After dinner the knife was screwed, and a hook substituted.

SOME AMAZING FEATS.

The feats he performed with that hook were truly amazing. I have seen him take up a wine decanter and fill himself a glass of sherry with as much ease as though he owned a complete arm and hand. He writes legibly. The pen is held between the ends of his stumps—the paper fixed to the desk; and with this arrangement he is able to dis-pense with a secretary, and reply to all his letters. A private tutor taught Ravanagh all he wanted to know; and five minutes' conversation will show anyone that his education has been neither a light nor a cir cumscribed one.
As if to reward the perseverance of young

Kavanagh, a series of events put him in possession of those very estates, which every-one had deemed beyond his reach.

The country folk, who incline to a liberal belief in such things, declare that there is a curse upon the house of old King MacMur rogh. The deaths of many children of the house have fostered this notion. The three hale, hearty brothers who stood between poor, deformed Arthur and his 40,000 acres died, one after the other, by sudden or violent deaths. One was killed in the hunting field, another went down beneath the waves

to rise no more. The third had the most horrible end of all. He was found one morning in his bed, burned to a cinder.

A KIND LANDLORD. Then Arthur succeeded to the great estates and the hereditary want of popular-ity which accompanied the MacMurrogh chieftaincy since the times of Dermot-of-the-Saxons. Immediately his influence began and perspiration, coining dollars in a Turkish bath, Macao is a tiny haven of rest, where the street is free from the detestable ceaseless chatter of Chinamen, where the air is fresh and the hills green, and where a man, the greatest gambler on earth, loves to the man, the greatest gambler on earth, loves to the constituency, with his cousin Henry Bruen, of Carlow and was elected M. P. for that constituency, with his cousin Henry Bruen, of Carlow and was elected M. P. for that constituency, with his cousin Henry Bruen, of Carlow and was elected M. P. for that constituency with his cousin Henry Bruen, of Carlow and was elected M. P. for that constituency with his cousin Henry Bruen, of Carlow and was elected M. P. for that constituency with his cousin Henry Bruen, of Carlow and was elected M. P. for that constituency with his cousin Henry Bruen, of Carlow and was elected M. P. for that constituency with his cousin Henry Bruen, of Carlow and was elected M. P. for that constituency with his cousin Henry Bruen Henry Bruen, of Carlow and was elected M. P. for that constituency with his cousin Henry Bruen Henry Bruen, of Carlow and was elected M. P. for that constituency with his cousin Henry Henry Henry Henry Bruen, of Carlow and was elected M. P. for that constituency with his cousin Henry Henry Henry Henry Henry Bruen, of Carlow and was elected M. P. for that constituency with his cousin Henry He Oak Park. For full 20 years he rea the county in Parliament, and in 1880 he was created a Right Hoa,, and given the rank of Privy Councilor. He has twice refused a peerage, deeming the name of MacMurrough far greater than any title a queen can bestow. In 1880 Mr. E. Dwyer Gray defeated him in Carlow, and so mortified as he that he had been controlled as the head been controlled as the that he had been controlled as the that he had been co tied was he that he has never since contested any seat. However, he is not idle. Although universally declared to be a good landlord-one of the best in Irelandstill the guiding spirit of the Landlord party. He says that he merely fights for

his rights. "Give us a fair price for our properties and we will sell them to you"—that is his constant cry.

It is surprising what weight his words carry in the counsels of the religious and political factionists, and what an amount of secret influence he possesses. The Union is the name of their great organ in Dublin. and of this paper Mr. Bagenal is nominal editor. But Bagenal is Kavanagh's nephew, and it is well-known that the real "dens ex machina" is the great spider who spins amid the gloom of his Southern mansion. Half the anti-Parnellite pamphlets which annually flood the English markets, are from the facile pen of Kavanagh; and those who know state positively that two at least of the late larger magazine articles on Irish affairs are in reality his. Kavanagh has always opposed the eviction policy of the derstand. But they play with the greatest exterminators, and it was his influence that save his dollar, the shopkeeper who calmly stakes his watch and chain if he is short of ready money, and the well-to-do merchant, work that few beyond his intimate triends

know of his good endeavors. AN HONEST ENEMY

It is a comfort, when the Irish have so much brutality and dishonesty to contend with, to think that they can point out at least one honest opponent—one honorable enemy. Such is Arthur Kavanagh, of enemy. Such is Arthur Kavanagh, of Borris. Though he does good in secret, he has never been known to strike a secret blow. His convictions are opposed to the convictions of his countrymen; but in such a man the Irish know how to make allowance for assembly. Parnell has said of him: "As to Mr. Kavanagh-we all know that he is a man of genius-perhaps the only man of genius among the Irish Landlord party. But it is wrong to call Mr. Kavanagh a Unionist. He labors for the settlement of the land question, but he is not a Unionist.

* * He is well known as a good
landlord. * Some day the MacMurrogh Kavanagh may be our honored

Mr. Kavanagh owns two fine residences-Borris House in County Carlow and Bally-ragget Castle in County Kilkenny. Despite his deformity he has captured the heart of one of the fair sex, and he has a large family. In his youth he was a fox hunter, and he still trots along the country roads in a quaint sort of saddle he has invented for his peculiar convenience. He goes from room to room on the back of his faithful valet; and in the dusk I have often seen people startled by grotesque appearance of the pair. As they enter a doorway, looking like some great two-headed monster, one can hardly sup-press an involuntary shudder. But when the broad frame of Her Majesty's Lord Lieuvenant in the County Palatine of Car-low is flopped down beside you, and you listen a while to his pleasant voice and graceful sayings, you feel admiration rather that repuision, and experience an scute regret that such a man should be even for a

Home Secretary.'

time-his country's enemy. PEREGRINE QUILL

A Weighty Burden

New York World, 1 Little Daisy (gravely examining a swordfish's weapon)-My! He must have been awful tired carrying that on his nose.